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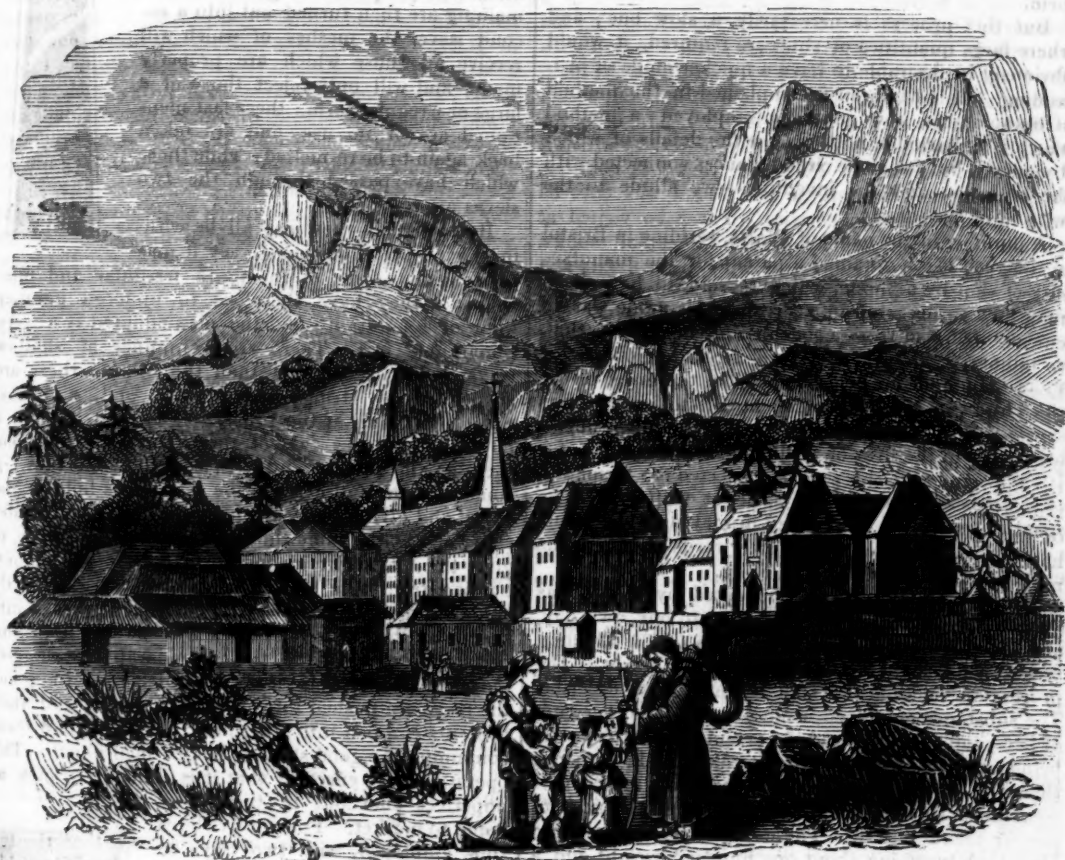
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PRICE
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CARTHUSIAN MONKS.—SCENERY OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.



THE MONASTERY OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

THE practice of retiring from the world, abjuring domestic ties, and devoting a man's whole life to a series of formal austerities, is of pagan origin, and is still followed by the heathens of Asia, more severely than by any monks professing Christianity. The most superficial reader of the New Testament must perceive, that neither our Lord nor his Apostles had any respect for the selfishness which shuns society, because of its demands on our sympathies and services, or that will-worship which makes religion to consist, not in simply doing the will of God, but in putting on a complex yoke of human ordinances.

Although of heathen origin, this peculiar mode of life easily glided into the Christian church, partly from its accordance with the unwillingness of human nature to twist itself out in struggles with the temptations and molestations of social life; partly because many of the early Christians, on being driven into deserts by persecution, acquired a taste for solitude, and thought that such retirement was sanctioned by the examples of Elijah and John the Baptist. According to Philo-Judaus, it began with certain persons of his own nation, settled in the see of St. Mark in Egypt. These Jews abandoned their pro-

perty, and formed a society of recluses for engaging in prayers and psalmody. This seems to have been the first faint image of the monasteries which were afterwards so multiplied, both in the eastern and western churches, but which the eminently social character of pure Christianity, when it was restored to us at the Reformation, disowned and dispersed. The truth is, the Jewish proselytes of whom Philo speaks had acquired a taste for the ascetic life from the nations further east, and this they introduced, with other corruptions, into their new profession, on becoming Christians. St. Anthony was one of the earliest and most strenuous patrons of this kind of seclusion; he had many followers, and at length the religious life, as that of those who bound themselves by peculiar vows was called, was considered to flow in two great streams; the one consisting of bishops and priests, or the secular clergy, and the other of abbots, monks, and friars, or the regular clergy.

Absolute solitude being found too severe for many even of the most devout solitaries, some, on withdrawing from the common haunts of mankind, formed themselves into communities, renouncing the society of all persons not bound by the same vows and subject

to the same rules,—a kind of life opposed alike to the letter and the spirit of the Gospel, yet by which they vainly imagined they might earn the peculiar favour of Heaven. As this milder seclusion was much more endurable, so it became much more fashionable than the former; men liked better to be friars than hermits. St. Jerome, writing to Rusticus, when desirous to embrace a solitary life, says, "the first point to be determined is whether you should live alone, or along with others in a monastery. For myself I hold it better for a man to be with companions than to undertake the teaching of himself." While St. Anthony lived as a hermit in Upper Egypt, St. Hilary was following his example in Syria and in Palestine; and touched with the great reputation of the Egyptian saint, he paid him a visit, and returned, in his own opinion, much edified. In his ardour to extend this kind of devotion, he introduced into it certain changes, by which it became so popular in Palestine, that that country, from having nothing of the sort, soon was covered with innumerable monasteries. These he visited at certain times, followed by great numbers of monks, as was afterwards the practice with the generals and superiors of the religious orders. These two fanciful men had ample time for perfecting a system for the cultivation of personal holiness, which they seemed to think far superior to anything dreamed of by our Lord and his Apostles. St. Anthony lived to his ninetieth, and St. Hilary to his eightieth year.

Since their days the religious orders have multiplied, and been modified and altered, in proportion to the innumerable whims and fancies of men of ardent minds and heated imaginations, who have striven to outrun each other in the severity of the rules they have recommended, or, imputing the corruption of monasteries not to the want of true religion, but to some defect in their constitution, have endeavoured by new rules to attack evils as ancient and as deeply rooted as human nature itself.

Not the least remarkable of the monastic orders is that of the Carthusians, or Chartreux, whose extraordinary head-quarters in the mountains of Dauphiny we are about to describe. "It was instituted," says Gabriel d'Emillianne, "in the year 1080, according to some, and in 1086 according to other authors, on the occasion, it is said, of the following strange occurrence. A professor in the university of Paris, commendable alike for soundness of doctrine and moral conduct, died, and at his burial sat upright on the bier, and cried with a lamentable voice, 'I am accused by the just judgment of God.' This so frightened the persons present that the interment was put off for a day, when the dead again exclaimed, 'I am judged by the just judgment of God,' on which the interment was put off yet another day. At last, the third day being come, in the presence of a great multitude of people, the dead again cried with a terrible voice, 'By the just judgment of God I am condemned.' One Bruno being present, and taking advantage of this to address the assembly, he concluded that they could not possibly be saved unless they renounced the world and retired into deserts; and this he immediately did, along with six companions. They went to a frightful place, called the Chartreuse, among the mountains in the diocese of Grenoble, where the bishop first assisted and afterwards joined them. In that horrid desert, inhabited till then only by wild beasts, they built little cells apart from each other, and there they lived in silence and with great severity. They proposed to follow the rule of St. Benedict, only with additional severities." Hospinian relates their ancient observances, in nineteen articles, which prescribe, among other things,

the wearing of hair cloth next the skin, entire abstinence from animal food, except fish, and that only when given them; to prepare their own victuals, and take their refectations alone; to observe an almost continual silence; on no pretence to leave the monastery; to give themselves up to prayer, manual work, reading, and the transcription of books. Although they were never reformed, pretending that they never needed being so, like the other religious orders, St. Bernard complained in his day of the magnificence of their buildings; and in the seventeenth century they had accumulated immense wealth, and monasteries, on the model of the great Chartreuse, appeared in Italy, Germany, Spain, and all other countries subject to the Papacy. It has been observed that neither they, nor the pictures and relics of their pretended martyrs, pretend to work miracles, alleging that their saints in heaven are still such lovers of silence and retirement that, to avoid attracting notice, they avoid doing miracles.

A gentleman from the north of France visited the great Chartreuse in 1827, and on his return gave his friends the following striking description of the scene he had witnessed:—

"On leaving Grenoble you turn the point of St. Eynard, and ascend a long slope, interrupted by ravines, and leading up to Mount Sapey. On looking around you, the gray mountain-tops and irregular peaks of Dauphiny come gradually into view. But before plunging into the savage scene before you, give one look behind. Stretched out in all its loveliness at your feet, lies the vale—the rich and majestic vale of Graisivaudan, with its vine-bowers, its forests of hemp and maize, its bright-leaved mulberry trees, and that whole Italian landscape which, were it not that the frozen summits of the Alps meet the eye at every turn, might lead you to suppose that it was one of the plains of Lombardy. The Isère glides with countless windings through this verdant plain, and as it rolls along its ample bed of gravel, it laves, as it passes, the walls of many an ancient castle, and among others that of Bayard, and then slowly advances to Grenoble. On your right, another river, the Drac, seems to leap at one bound from the mountains, and hurrying straight towards the city, throws the Isère against it, where the two streams meet; thus suggesting an ancient prophecy of the country, that the serpent and the dragon are one day to destroy Grenoble.

"Having passed the lesser heights of Mount Sapey, at last, after a toilsome walk of seven miles, we reached the margin of a large and regular dale, lying between two mountain ranges which close it in, by uniting together. In the hollow stood the village of Chartreuse, overlooked by its little church and spire, reflecting the light from its covering of tin.

"As yet you neither can see the monastery, nor can guess at what point of the valley, which seems enclosed on every side, there can be an outlet for a road. You hear the roar of a mountain-torrent hard by, but as little can you guess how it makes its escape. The road now makes a sudden turn, and right before you stands the portal of St. Bruno. Two huge mountains, rising parallel to each other, leave a narrow interval between. Through the chasm thus formed rushes into hidden depths the torrent whose roar had struck your ear, and which is called the Guiers, or by some the Guiers of death, of which it is supposed to be an image. You cross this dismal gorge by a bridge thrown from rock to rock, and catch a glimpse in passing of the frightful abyss, into which the Guiers descends with a stunning roar, and rebounds in sheets of foam. Above, the mountains seem to lean over you, leaving only a narrow band

of blue sky visible. Impatient, however, of being kept from the scene you are approaching by so strange a vestibule, you push on, and forthwith two ranges of mountains open at a right angle, rising on either side, gray and bolt upright, clothed only with a few sombre pines, which look as if sustained miraculously on the invisible projections from which they spring.

"In the space before you you find the mountain-yew, the festooned foliage of the evergreen oak, the Scotch fir, and the larch, mingle and blend their various green hues, forming a leafy amphitheatre of a thousand galleries, whose rounded outlines cross and are lost in each other, as if several huge forests had been thrown confusedly together; while here and there you can see from under the foliage, far and high, the hoary heads of the everlasting mountains, crowned neither with herbage nor with snow, but dry and bony looking, yet enlivened by the delicate rosy tint with which the sun continues to adorn them, long after night has thrown her sombre shadows over the vale below. On the left, the Guiers, escaped from the chasm, rushes forwards with irregular impetuosity, carrying with it from the mountains stones and trees, which it knocks about or sweeps along with a dashing and crashing vehemence. Sometimes it advances from cascade to cascade, in successive leaps of thirty, forty, and fifty feet; at other times, meeting some apparently impassable barrier thrown across its bed, in the shape of an enormous rock, it rushes furiously against it, and flies up in foaming jets, but is forced at length to glide round the obstacle it cannot remove. For a certain distance your eye can follow the fantastic whirl of its waters, and even after you have lost sight of them, you can distinguish their hollow roar resounding amid the solitude, until it meets the mountain barrier, which, after forming a three-sided enclosure of about three leagues' extent, opens again to give it a passage. That passage forms the other portal to this wilderness.

"Yet, wild and distant as this scene appears, a well trodden and well kept pathway informs you, as if you were traversing a nobleman's park, that you have not yet left the inhabited world, and that you are doubtless approaching the monastery. The ground opens in front, and a broad meadow gradually spreads itself out into a beautiful slope, interrupted by horizontal intervals, and covered with a bright but slightly yellowish verdure, doubly contrasting with the dark hues of the woods you have been skirting, and the gray rocks that seem to follow you. And now, right in front, you behold the Grand Chartreuse. There it is, with its hundred slated roofs, surmounted by an equal number of iron crosses. Amid this vast circle of mountains, where every object may be expected to look little, the monastery rises from a plain of turf, like a city conjured up by magic in a desert. But on a nearer approach you listen in vain for the confused hum of a city, usually borne so far on the evening air; nor do you hear any of those cries of domestic animals which commonly announce the vicinity of the habitations of man, even in the most lonely rural districts. Nothing breaks in upon the stillness of the scene—a stillness like that which freezes the heart of the traveller when he views the beautiful but forsaken ruins of Palmyra, as they rise before him on the sands of Arabia."

If a spring be fouled on its way down the brae, it will soon brighten up again, for the clear water behind will wash away all impurities; but when the fountain-head has the foul stain in it, there is naething can purify that away,—naething else but mixing it with the ocean of eternity, and then rising again to the heavens purified to dew.—HOGG.

THE COUNTRY MAID AND THE PIMPERNEL FLOWER.

"I'll go and peep at the Pimpernel,
And see if she thinks the clouds look well,
For if the sun shine,
And 'tis like to be fine,
I shall go to the fair,
For my sweetheart is there,
So, Pimpernel, what bode the clouds and the sky?
If fair weather, no maiden so merry as I."

The Pimpernel flower had folded up
Her little gold star in her coral cup,
And unto the maid,
Thus her warning said,—
"Though the sun smile down,
Here's a gathering frown,
O'er the chequered blue of the clouded sky
So tarry at home for a storm is nigh."

The maid first looked sad, and then looked cross,
Gave her foot a fling, and her head a toss;—
"Say you so, indeed,
You mean little weed?
You're shut up for spite,
For the blue sky is bright;
To more credulous people your warnings tell,
I'll away to the fair,—good day, Pimpernel."

"Stay at home," quoth the flower.—"In sooth, not I,
I'll don my straw hat with a silken tie;
O'er my neck so fair,
I'll a 'kerchief wear,
White, chequered with pink,
And then, let me think,
I'll consider my gown, for I'd fain look well,"
So saying, she stepped o'er the Pimpernel.

Now the wise little flower, wrapped safe from harm,
Sat fearlessly waiting the coming storm;
Just peeping between
Her snug cloak of green,
Lay folded up tight,
Her red robe so bright,
Though brodered with purple and starred with gold,
No eye might its bravery then behold.

The fair maiden then donned her best array,
And forth to the festival hied away;
But scarce had she gone,
Ere the storm came on,
And, 'mid thunder and rain,
She cried oft and again,
"Oh! would I had minded you boding flower,
And were safe at home from the pelting shower."

Now, maidens, the tale that I tell would say,
Don't don fine clothes on a doubtful day,
Nor ask advice when, like many more,
Your resolve was taken some time before.

L. A. TWANLEY.

It is not to be inquired how excellent anything is, but how proper. Those things which are helps to some, may be encumbrances to others. An unmeet good may be as inconvenient as an unaccustomed evil. If we could wish another man's honour, when we feel the weight of his cares we should be glad to be in our own coat.—BISHOP HALL.

What is this body? fragile, frail,
As vegetation's tenderest leaf;—
Transient as April's fitful gale,
And as the flashing meteor brief.
What is this soul? eternal mind,
Unlimited as thought's vast range,
By grovelling matter unconfined;
The same, while states and empires change.

When long this miserable frame
Has vanished from life's busy scene,
This earth shall roll, that sun shall flame,
As though this dust had never been.
When suns have waned, and worlds sublime
Their final revolutions told,
This soul shall triumph over Time,
As though such orbs had never rolled.—OSWORN.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS IN WAX.

IN the *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. XVI., p. 23, we have given our readers some account of the method of making wax figures: we now offer them a few directions for imitating the beautiful products of the flower garden, in the same material. The art of forming artificial flowers of wax is a delicate and interesting process, well suited to form an amusement for ladies in their leisure hours, and also to aid them in their botanical pursuits; for, by the exact imitation of rare and fragile flowers in wax, they have the representation of all the parts of the flower before them, in a much more perfect manner than can be supplied by painting, or even by the flower itself in a dried form. There is little difficulty connected with the operation; the materials are such as ladies will find it pleasant to handle, and the expense of the articles is trifling. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that this elegant art is becoming fashionable among persons of taste, who have sufficient leisure to devote to such pursuits.

The following articles should be laid on the table, before the operation commences: *i.e.*, a pen-knife, a pair of scissors, a piece of wire about three inches long, pointed at one end, and having a round knob of sealing-wax at the other, three or four smooth and slender rods of wood, a few sheets of wax of different colours, some wire of different sizes, covered with green tissue-paper for stems, and some very thin tin, or brass, to cut up into patterns. Some green wax should also be at hand in a melted state.

A flower must be chosen for the first attempt, whose parts are very simple and easily imitated: the common primrose of the hedges, for instance, whose petals, or flower-leaves, are five in number, having in the centre five stamens, and being supported by a green calyx, or flower-cup. Take the blossom carefully to pieces, without injuring any of its parts: make the petals and calyx perfectly smooth by flattening them between the leaves of a book, or by placing them under a warm flat-iron, and then cut out patterns of the calyx, and of one of the petals the thin tin. These patterns must correspond precisely with the originals, for the least inaccuracy here would spoil the work. The tin patterns must next be laid upon the wax, in the direction of the length of the sheets, and the five petals and the calyx cut from them. Take one of the pieces of wire, being careful that it shall resemble in size the stalk of the primrose; dip it in green melted wax, and when cool, fix on the top of it, by the pressure of the thumb and finger, fine thread-like strips of dark yellow wax, to represent the stamens. These being firmly fixed, fasten on one of the petals in the same manner by pressure; then a second petal, a third, fourth, and fifth, putting them regularly round, and bending each petal outward, so that when completed the flower shall be flat, as it is in nature. The petals being all fixed, put the calyx in the palm of the hand for a short time, that it may become pliant; then form it to its natural shape round one of the little wooden rods, and thus prepare it to be slipped on at the lower end of the stalk of the flower. When it is properly placed, press it tightly against the stem, and the whole will firmly adhere together, and form the complete flower, except that a few touches of darker yellow will be required near the centre of the petals, and these may be given in oil-colours, or in water-colours mixed with ox-gall. Instead of the patterns in tin or brass, described above, some persons use shapes or moulds, formed exactly after the pattern of the petals, &c., so that by merely pressing them on the wax, they get the part cut out much more expeditiously and also more correctly than by using the knife or scissors.

This is the whole of the process as it respects the primrose, for the root-leaves are generally made of cambric, and are supplied by the artificial flower maker; being afterwards only dipped in warm wax to improve their appearance. Several other flowers are made with nearly the same facility, such as the snow-drop, the violet, the heartsease, the hyacinth, pink, &c.

Where the petals are hollow, as in the tulip, crocus, or ranunculus, the wax is warmed in the hand till it is quite pliable, and the central part of it is gently rolled with the sealing-wax end of the wire pin. This expands the wax, and forms it in the hollow of the hand to the required shape. Sometimes the petals of a flower are wrinkled and rough, as in the gum-cistus, the red poppy, &c., and in order to imitate this appearance the wax is well rolled, so as to make it thin and warm, and then crumpled up by the hand. If this is cleverly done, the wax petal on being opened will very nearly and beautifully resemble the peculiar appearance of the part it is intended to represent. Where the central part of a flower is formed of a little cup, as in the narcissus, it must be imitated by means of the head of the wire pin, as before, and the size of the wax required may be ascertained by cutting open and measuring one of these cups.

Quilled flowers, such as the dahlia and chrysanthemum, must have their petals rolled up with the fingers to the proper shape, after having been previously warmed and distended by the application of the head of the pin, as before. Flowers whose tints are delicately blended with each other can only be imitated by forming the petals of white wax, and then tinting them with powder colours, put on with a short-haired brush. In this way all kinds of striped or variegated flowers may be copied, and some of our most rare and beautiful plants may be accurately represented.

It is evident that many of our monopetalous flowers would be much more difficult to copy than such as we have described above, which have several petals. Our campanulas and convolvuluses, from their peculiar shape, seem to offer considerable difficulty, and in fact their representation in wax requires a greater share of patience and attention than most other flowers. The best way of making a convolvulus is to pour some plaster of Paris carefully into a natural flower, and thus get an exact mould on which to form the waxen copy. A piece of wax is then cut out, the size and shape of a convolvulus (which has been cut open on one side and flattened), and formed carefully round the mould, uniting the edges very carefully at a part of the blossom where the join will be hidden by one of the coloured rays which adorn the inside of that lovely flower. In this way bell-shaped flowers may be imitated to admiration. It is very important in copying single flowers to get the number of stamens and pistils correct, and to give them as much the appearance of nature as possible. An error in this respect is immediately detected by those who have given botany a share in their studies, and in their opinion destroys the effect of the most finely formed blossom. If the stamens are very short, they may be made of wax of the proper colour, but if they are long, they must be formed separately on fine wires, moulding the wax around the wire by means of the finger and thumb. The ends may then be dipped in gum-water and immediately after in powder, of the colour required to represent the anthers and stigma. A close observation of the natural flower, whatever it may be, will soon teach the best means of imitation in these respects, and may likewise suggest other ideas, in addition to these which we have thrown out for the benefit of beginners in this pleasing art.

ON MIGRATION.

I.

"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming."—JER. viii. 7.

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—SOLOMON'S SONG, ii. 11, 12.

THE instinctive knowledge and sagacity observable in the lower animals, in their methods of procuring food; of constructing habitations for themselves and their progeny; of defending themselves when attacked; and of providing against the evils arising out of those seasonal changes to which all parts of the earth are liable, cannot but be familiar to every common observer: but to those who are living in the retirement of the country, and have leisure and inclination for daily attention to the objects by which they are surrounded, the habits of quadrupeds, fishes, birds, and insects, afford continual subject for curious inquiry and pleasing remark.

Perhaps of all these habits, none is more remarkable than the periodical migration of birds and other animals from those quarters where there is no longer a supply of food for them, or the approaching season would prove fatal to their existence, and their simultaneous movement towards a more hospitable land. In the case of certain quadrupeds, the desire to migrate appears to seize them suddenly and at irregular intervals. Thus the lemmings of the frozen regions of Lapland and Norway only perform their extraordinary journeys two or three times in the course of twenty years, when an unusual increase in their numbers causes a scarcity of food in their mountain-homes, or when the season threatens to be a rigorous one*. The appearance of these animals at the time of their migration, and the ravages they commit in the country through which they pass, are thus stated in MISS ROBERTS'S *Sketches of Wild Animals*.

When emerging in Lulea Lapland from a deep pine forest, rendered pleasant by the tender leaves of the birch, we discovered on a sudden what appeared to us like a dark cloud, slowly descending the flank of a lofty mountain. It was early in the morning, and when the mists were dispersed, and the beams of the risen sun had flung their wonted splendour over the whole of that alpine district, we discovered that this unusual cloud was no other than an incredible multitude of lemmings that were marching towards the plain. Having stationed ourselves on the nearest eminence, we could readily discern the order and regularity of their course. They proceeded in a straight line, and as they passed, the ground appeared as if recently turned up with a plough; they devoured every green thing, and nothing could impede their progress: they crossed ravines, torrents, marshes, and broad lakes, and if a rock or other obstacle opposed their advance, they only swerved from the line, while they were going round it, and immediately returned to their former course. In crossing one of the lakes, some of the neighbouring farmers got into a boat, hoping to prevent them from landing on a field of corn. But no; though their phalanx was separated by the oars, they would not recede; they kept swimming directly on, and soon fell into regular order again. The farmers pushed their boat towards the shore and endeavoured to prevent the enemy from landing. Vain was their opposition. The lemmings soon made good their footing, and on they went, devouring the green blade, and marking their progress with devastation. Some of the men attacked them, and then, driven to desperation, they rose up, uttered a kind of barking sound, flew at the legs of the assailants, and clung so fiercely to the end of their sticks, as to suffer themselves to be swung about before they would quit their hold. Very few of the vast multitude return to their native mountains; some perish in the water, and swarms of enemies, hawks, owls, and weasels, attend their progress. There can scarcely be a more beautiful spectacle than the

march of these pigmy armies, and the surprising perseverance with which they pursue their course. The females are often loaded with their young; some carrying them on their backs, and others in their mouths.

Other quadrupeds are occasionally found to migrate in vast companies, and to considerable distances, but without much regularity of proceeding, or of period. The herds of bisons, so often described by travellers in North America, as covering the wide extended savannahs of that country for miles, feeding in the open plains, morning and evening, and retiring during the sultry time to shady rivulets and streams of clear water, where they may be seen gliding through thickets of tall canes,—are also migrant, especially in the more southerly latitudes, where the character of the seasons renders the plains almost barren and destitute of other herbage than aloes, or such esculent plants. The peculiar form of these animals, their dark, flowing, shaggy manes; the low bellowing sound that they utter, and the vast numbers of them generally seen together, must indeed form a most imposing spectacle. The migration of the bison takes place at various periods, and seems to be owing to accidental causes.

It is well known that fishes migrate. To this cause we are indebted for the abundant supply of salmon in our markets. Arriving from the northern seas, shoals of these fishes force their way up the rivers in autumn, sometimes for hundreds of miles, springing up cataracts, and surmounting other obstacles which come in their way, in a manner truly astonishing, till they reach a place proper for the reception of their spawn. When this is deposited in a hole, prepared by the fish in the sandy or gravelly bed of a river, the parents hasten back again to the warmer waters of the sea, leaving their offspring to be hatched in the ensuing spring. Great quantities of these fishes are taken in England and Scotland, on their first arrival in our rivers: more indeed than will supply the London and other markets; so that the overplus is salted, pickled, or dried, and sent to the continent. The cod-fish spawns in the polar seas; but as soon as the more southern seas are open, it repairs to the banks for subsistence. Thus about the month of May, great numbers of cod arrive at Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New England, and find in the shallows of those extensive sand-banks the food peculiarly grateful to them, in the multitude of worms which they are able to obtain there.

Most of the herring species are migratory, and generally in immense shoals. They multiply beyond all description in the northern seas, which prove a safe retreat for them from their numerous enemies. Shoals of them come out from these seas; and the immense swarm of living creatures is separated into distinct columns, five or six miles long, and three or four broad. In this order they arrive at the Shetland Isles, in June, from whence they proceed down to the Orkneys, where they divide and surround the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, uniting again in September in the British Channel, from whence they steer south-west, and are next seen in America. In the bays, rivers, and creeks of New England they deposit their spawn, continuing there till the latter end of April. They arrive at Newfoundland in May, and are no more seen in America till the ensuing spring.

Some species of mackerel are migratory, making long voyages at certain seasons of the year. The same is the case with the pilchard, anchovy, &c.

Migratory locusts form a dreadful scourge to the countries subject to their ravages. When the winter has been too mild to destroy their eggs, they increase to an amazing extent, and the desert of

* See the description given of this animal in the *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. VI., p. 68.

Arabia, from whence they are generally observed to come, can no longer afford food for them, so that they proceed in flights which darken the air to the various regions of Syria, Egypt, and Persia, where they totally consume the vegetation of the territory on which they alight, while their noise in feeding can be heard to a considerable distance, and resembles that of a foraging army. In those countries, however, the evil is happily soon repaired; for so vigorous is the sap of the trees, that new foliage appears in a few days, and even the herbaceous plants soon recover their usual appearance. A visit from these insects is much more destructive when it occurs in any part of Europe; the crops of that season being completely destroyed. But this calamity is not so frequent, nor are the swarms so formidable as in former times. Locusts have been occasionally seen in Britain, and much apprehension has been excited on that account; but the coldness and humidity of our climate, form our best defence against such invaders, and when any of them arrive in our land, they are sure to perish, without leaving a young generation behind them. The southern parts of Africa were infested with them to a dreadful extent in 1797, when an area of two thousand square miles is said to have been literally covered with them, and the waters of a wide river were scarcely visible, owing to the multitudes of carcasses that floated on its surface.

Butterflies have been observed to migrate in immense flights. Mr Lindley witnessed this in Brazil, in 1803 when great numbers of these insects, of white and yellow colours, proceeded in a direction from north-west to south-east for many days successively, and if they met with no obstacle to impede their course, they must have perished in the ocean. More recently, a flight of the species called *painted lady* has been observed near the Lake of Neufchatel in Switzerland. They were all flying close together in the same direction from south to north, and were so little intimidated when any one approached them, that they turned not to the right or left. Their flight continued for two hours, and the column was about ten or fifteen feet broad.

Remarkable instances have been recorded of the migration of *aphides*, and of their enemies, the lady birds. Mr. White speaks of a shower of aphides which alighted at Selborne on the first of August, 1785, covering every leaf, and the dress of persons walking in the street. He supposed these swarms to have been driven from the hop plantations of Kent and Sussex, by an easterly wind which prevailed at the time. Kirby mentions the arrival of vast numbers of lady-birds at Brighton, and at all the watering places on the Kent and Sussex coast, in 1807, when they were considered by the superstitious as the forerunners of some dreadful evil; these persons being ignorant that the little visitors were merely emigrants from the neighbouring hop-grounds, where they had been rendering an essential service in the destruction of the aphides.

The migration of bees and ants is a matter of common observation, and presents many curious and interesting features which will repay the attention of those who steadily watch the proceedings of the several swarms. The habitations of various species of ants may be observed to swarm, with winged insects, in warm summer weather, busily occupied in their preparations for leaving home. At length the male ants rise, as by a general impulse, into the air, and the females accompany them. The swarm rises and falls with a slow movement to the height of about ten feet, the males flying obliquely with a rapid

zigzag motion, and the females, though they follow the general movement of the column, appearing suspended in the air like balloons, apparently without any individual motion. Migrations of another kind are performed by these insects; for when a heedless step has injured their little dwelling, and caused them to apprehend danger in the situation they have chosen, they immediately become uneasy and soon set about selecting a new home. They have no sooner made their choice, than the march begins in a very orderly manner, and the high road, which leads in a straight line to the new establishment, is filled with a line of ants, some bearing eggs and some carrying their companions, and the whole colony is actuated with such a spirit of persevering industry, that their new dwelling, or rather city, is speedily completed. A slight injury done to their walls they quickly repair, but they soon take the alarm if this is often repeated, and those who for experiment have frequently destroyed a part of the building have been disappointed, on coming to look at the ant hill, to find that the whole party had decamped.

The migration of birds, however, affords the chief subject for our notice, and this we shall describe in a future article.

FORGIVE thy foes; nor that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
So does the fragrant sandal bow,
In meek forgiveness to its doom;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.—KNOWLES

A WISE man hath his foibles, as well as a fool. But the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself, and concealed from the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, and concealed from himself. The wise man sees those frailties in himself which others cannot; but the fool is blind to those blemishes in his character, which are conspicuous to everybody else. Whence it appears, that self-knowledge is that which makes the main difference between a wise man and a fool, in the moral sense of that word.—MASON on Self-Knowledge.

Oh! only He, whose word at first
Bade Woman into being burst,
The master effort of His mind,
The last and loveliest of her kind;
He only knows the thousand ties
That weave a mother's sympathies;
The mystery of that mighty bond,
Soft as 'tis strong, and firm as fond,
That blends joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears,
To link her with the child she bears.
In vain the feebler sense of man,
That feeling's breadth and depth would scan;
It spreads beyond, it soars above
The instincts of his ruder love.—HANKINSON.

THERE are two channels of information, by which the Creator has enabled mankind to arrive at a knowledge of truth, namely, sight and hearing. And each has its appropriate source, from which a knowledge of the things pertaining unto God are derived into the mind. The visible world, or natural kingdom of God, is the province in which the eyes expatiate, in search of materials for contemplation; the invisible world, or spiritual kingdom of God in Jesus Christ, that which *cometh by hearing*. In other words, the visible world leads the way to the religion of nature; the invisible, through hearing, to the religion of grace. And that this latter method of arriving at divine truth is the surest, appears from this, that even the most stupendous miracles, although they overpowered the reason and established the fact of Divine interposition, did not enlighten the minds of those who were only spectators to the understanding of Gospel doctrine; whereas the plain and simple exposition of it, from the mouth of an apostle, made thousands *wise unto salvation*.—BISHOP BLOMFIELD.

EFFECTS OF LITERATURE ON THE MORAL CHARACTER.

It is rational to conclude, that our proper employment lies in those inquiries, and in that sort of knowledge, which is most suited to our natural capacities, and carries in it our greatest interest, that is, the condition of our eternal estate. Hence I think I may conclude, that morality is the proper science and business of mankind in general, (who are both concerned and fitted to search out their *summum bonum*), as several arts, conversant about several parts of nature, are the lot and private talent of particular men, for the common use of human life, and their own particular subsistence in the world.—LOCKE.

I ASSUME an important point,—namely, that moral excellence, or virtue, is the highest excellence of human nature. Outward beauty is an excellence: we are formed to admire a graceful and elegant conformation. Bodily strength is an excellence: we cannot be insensible to the value of physical power. A vigorous and active mind is an excellence; for it raises its possessor in the scale of intelligent agents. And a lively imagination is an excellence; for it is a noble occupation to hold converse with the ideal world. But no one of these is the highest excellence of man; for man is a moral being, and the highest excellence of a moral being is goodness.

Now if this be so—and who will dare to deny it? the value of everything with which we are concerned should be estimated by the effects which it is calculated to exercise upon the moral character: and it is a point of immense importance to ascertain how the moral condition of man is affected by the cultivation of literature.

As regards books written expressly to inflame the passions and corrupt the heart, or to diffuse falsehood and scepticism, we have nothing to say. No one doubts about the tendency of such writings. They are the open foes of what is most dear to us, and none who place any value upon purity or virtue, will lightly risk themselves in their company.

With many, however, general reading is most literally a mere form of dissipation. It is resorted to purely in idleness, and avowedly for the sake of amusement. Books are perused indiscriminately; or, what is worse, nothing is read but the periodical literature, or works of a trifling or ephemeral nature. The practice is pursued with no view to self-improvement, but merely to collect materials for gossip, or to beguile the vacant hours of solitude.

The mind is distracted rather than disciplined by this idle and discursive method of reading; it becomes fastidious, and acquires an unnatural appetite for food which excites for a time, without adding permanent strength and vigour to thought and action. The effects of all this are as injurious to the heart as to the intellect. From the practice of reading good and bad alike, without selection or discrimination, the taste is in danger of being perverted, and the principles of being impaired; the reader gains no substantial knowledge, no practical views nor great principles; he acquires no good habits; he becomes impatient in the search after truth, and his moral improvement would have been more advanced by devotion to some common art or every-day occupation.

But when literary pursuits are carried on honestly, soberly, and in a right spirit, they elevate and purify the moral character. It is indeed complained that knowledge is apt to render men vain, self-sufficient, and arrogant, and makes them look with contempt upon those who are less instructed. But it is certainly not the natural tendency of real knowledge to produce such a state of mind; for the more a man knows the more plainly he sees the limits of human knowledge, and the more sensibly he feels the weakness of the human understanding. It is not the man

of real learning in literature or science, who prates about the extent of human knowledge, and deifies the intellect; but the man who has a smattering of learning, or who is acquainted only with those branches of knowledge which are most uncertain and imperfect. For the man of learning compares his own acquisitions with those of others; he comes to know how much after all he has to learn; time and space, mind and matter, are spread out before him, and the vast and majestic scene makes him feel his insignificance. "He rises above himself, and looks from an eminence upon nature and society and life. Thought expands, as by a natural elasticity, when the pressure of selfishness is removed. The moral and intellectual principles of the soul, generously cultivated, fertilize the intellect. Duty, faithfully performed, opens the mind to truth, both being of one family; alike immutable, universal, and everlasting."

Again, the cultivation of literature has a direct tendency to foster and confirm a spirit of patience and self-discipline. Rash and presumptuous minds, indeed, are eager in forming opinions, and are prone to deduce conclusions from inadequate premises; but the student who deserves the name, gets to understand too well the difficulty of gaining truth, to venture to embrace opinions hastily, or without due examination. He becomes desirous of examining things for himself; he suspects the soundness of received opinions, and is anxious to refer every fact to its ultimate source of intelligence. And this implies much self-denial and patience: it requires abstraction from unprofitable society, and the renunciation of idle and vicious habits: it demands energy, industry, and perseverance; and in the end compels us to make many sacrifices and overcome many importunate temptations. Learning, thus earnestly and zealously cultivated, imparts force and vigour to the moral character.

Literary pursuits are naturally humanizing. They tend to diminish and remove the coarseness and violence which are characteristic of ignorance, and to substitute in their stead politeness and civility. They communicate to the manners a degree of elegance and animation which are much more graceful than the heartless formality which is learned in intercourse with what is called the world. They open the mind to perceive the real condition and relations of man, and convey to it a deep conviction of the propriety of discharging the social duties. The conscientious man of letters will indeed keep no terms with vice: he will have little respect for fashionable follies; but in his studies he has gained a deeper and more comprehensive love of his species: his heart has been trained to the exercise of habitual kindness and philanthropy.

But how are we to reap these best and highest fruits of learning? The question may be answered in a few words. We can expect benefit of this sort from literature only when we enter upon literary pursuits conscientiously, and with a sincere desire of deriving from them moral advantage. If we have recourse to them for materials for display, they will only foster an unworthy weakness; if we resort to them as an amusement, they will operate only as an amusement, and will be more likely to relax the moral character than to strengthen it; if we apply to them for confirmation of our prejudices, or excuse for our vices, they will only contribute to our depravity. If, on the contrary, we study severely and steadily, from a sincere love of knowledge and truth, under a sense of our responsibility, and in dependence on higher aid, though we may be exposed to peculiar temptations, we shall pass through them safely, and as we advance

in wisdom, shall make a corresponding proficiency in virtue.

In conclusion, let me recommend young minds to choose some particular line of study. It is ill for the public, and for the individual, when powers of any value are wasted without an object. There are some who excuse themselves for their ignorance on the subjects on which they ought to be best informed, by pretending to have cultivated general knowledge. Do not be imposed upon by that phrase, but be assured that all superior minds regard the accomplishments which it is usually employed to indicate, as utterly worthless and contemptible. This general knowledge is the foppery of literature. It may qualify a man to talk; it may give him reputation with the superficial and illiterate; but it renders him ridiculous in the eyes of discerning persons, and is so far from rendering him wiser or better, that it tends to deteriorate both his intellectual and moral character.

[Abridged from a Lecture by the REV. JOHN GOULTER DOWLING, read before the Gloucester Literary and Scientific Association.]

THERE is no magic in the works of nature; there are causes and means for every effect, though we do not always discover those: and though God operates by a word, that word acts as philosophically and reasonably as the hand of man, in chemistry, according to the rules of that science, in mechanism, under the laws of mechanics.—MACCULLOCH.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away;
Teach this, and, oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.
Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow:
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.
But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no words of cheer?
Oh, yes! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.
Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain;
And say that He, who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and his power;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

Moral of Flowers.



ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.